THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1808.

DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL.

MISS BARBARA GODFREY, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Godfrey, was born in the year 1768, and married to the late Marquis of Donegal, Oct. 12, 1790. His lordship had been twice married, and had by his first wife one son, the present marquis; whose amiable attachment to his mother-in-law affords a satisfactory proof of his liberality of sentiment, and her exemplary merit. Highly distinguished for personal charms, and every elegant accomplishment, the Marchioness of Donegal has long been an object of admiration and esteem in the highest circles, while her domestic virtues have justly endeared her to her family, friends, and dependants. Till the lamented death of the late marquis, which happened in the year 1799, the marchioness entered with vivacity into all the pleasures of a fashionable life, and with graceful gaiety and becoming chearfulness enlivened every party. Yet not to the giddy rounds of fashion alone were her steps directed; the benevolence of her heart led her to scenes less alluring, but which were rendered more gratifying by the exertion of her

bounty; and if her name has not been blazoned forth in public acts of munificence, there are grateful minds to register her benefactions, and bear testimony of her worth.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. VIII.

THE close of each revolving year is an awful period to a reflecting mind; to every age and every rank it presents a subject of serious meditation. The young and giddy, just entering on the busy stage of the world, look forward to the commencement of a new year with all the proud exultation of hope and expected pleasure; but, alas! they behold not in the gaudy perspective before them, a thousand disgusting objects, which, on a nearer approach, may fill them with dismay and horror. Love and friendship stretch forward their inviting arms to welcome them, but perfidy and disappointment lurk behind, to plant daggers in the bosom of unsuspecting innocence. Surrounded by parents and kindred, most tenderly beloved, they conclude the present year in mirth and festivity, while the next may leave them desolate and forlorn. The advantages of fortune too are equally precarious; those who enjoy competence and ease, may, in the rapid course of twelve short months, find themselves surrounded with difficulties, and overwhelmed with calamity. The admiring circle, now drawn round them by hospitality and gay spirits, will shun the abode of indigence; beauty may become the spoil of villany, and talent be obscured beneath the dark cloud of penury. Then may some exclaim, in bitterness of heart, "What claim have I on the compassion of others? In the spring of my life I lived but for myself; I neglected the cry of misery; I administered only to the palate of luxury, and triumphed only in the proud extravagance of dress: how then do I complain of being disregarded, who have so seldom attended to the wants of others."

Nor let the aged think themselves secure from the hopeless pangs of remorse. Though the security of independance may seem to place them beyond the reach of such vicissitudes, there are other fears to appal their minds. The present year may terminate all their prospects of temporal felicity, may call them into a new existence, and perhaps bring them to an awful account of their past conduct. How necessary then must be a serious self-examination at this momentous crisis. Few there are, who can look back and say, " by so much have I amended my life since this day twelvemonths." Far different are the expressions we hear at the close of every year—" I will provide such and such dresses for the winter and spring; I will have my habitation repaired and beautified ; I will order in my wine and spirits; I will bring my children from school, and take them to both the play-houses." Thus all is expectation and preparation. But we hear not—" I will begin the new year with a steady determination of abjuring my former follies; I will see that my family punctually attend divine service; I will discharge all my profligate servants; I will relinquish the society of my dissolute companions; I will look out my cast wardrobe, and distribute it among the neighbouring poor; I will set aside half the sum usually expended in wine, to purchase coals for the poor wretches who are shivering at my doors." These would be resolutions worthy of a christian, and which might be made with far less inconvenience than many will allow themselves to imagine. Then might we hope that the coming spring would fill our bosoms with gladness; the summer, crown our sanguine wishes with a plenteous harvest, and its choicest fruits; and the succeeding winter find us blest with every social comfort. year after year would thus roll on in the sweet consciousness of a well spent life. The unavoidable evils of this mortal state might assail us, but reflection would calmly repose on the bosom of resignation, and the emanations of hope cheer the gloomy path of this earthly pilgrimage.

Let me then exhort you, my young friends, to call your wandering thoughts back from the alluring point to which they were directed; build not on promised pleasures, which flatter but to decoy; which, like the illusive meteor of a marshy soil, leads your erring footsteps into a track you never can retrace, and then treacherously leaves you, bewildered and unprotected in the miry waste. Follow no guide but religion; own no friend but virtue; admit no guest but an approving conscience. Then will your home be a palace; your table the seat of conviviality; and your pillow the soft soother of every transient grief. Each season will in turn administer its pleasures, and each closing year add but a page of commendation to a volume of entertainment and instruction.

TRUTH.

THOUGH it may not always be safe, or advantageous, to speak truth, it is always possible to avoid a direct lie.—Prevarication is, indeed, scarcely less culpable, but there are situations wherein it might be justified. A lion, having a complaint in his stomach, called to a sheep who came past, and asked him if his breath was tainted by the disorder. The poor animal, incapable of deceit, answered "Aye;" upon which the lion in a rage bit of his head.—A wolf next was asked the same question, and, like a true courtier, replied, "No, sire!"—"I will kill thee," said the tyrant, "for a liar and a flatterer."—The fox just then came into the royal presence, and a similar inquiry was made of this dexterous politician: "Indeed, sire," said he, "I must humbly intreat your majesty to excuse me; for being troubled with a terrible cold, my scent is imperfect."

ON FRIENDSHIP.

"The friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life."

Cato, Act. 1. Sc. 3.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM not one of those who would insinuate that there is not such a thing as real friendship existing, but I think that many of the modern friendships come under Addison's description, as being most frequently "confederacies of vice, or leagues of pleasure," which are broken off as the party become divided in their pleasures, or incapable of engaging in their former unlawful pursuits.

When a young man first enters into company, he looks around him for a friend among his new acquaintances, and if he meets with one of a temper congenial to his own, he eagerly attaches himself to him; and should the one be led astray into the paths of vice, the other, afraid of losing the company and friendship of his companion, naturally engages in the same vicious habits, till both become equally abandoned; and, from a similarity of life, each supposes that they have found a mutual friend, the one being necessary to the other's pleasure. Should sudden and dangerous illness lay hold on either, the sufferer is left to himself; the other being too much engaged, and bent on his own gratifications, and seldom thinks of the situation of his friend; but endeavours perhaps to forget him. If another reminds him of his friend's situation, he perhaps affects to pity him, and would be glad to hear of his return to health; but as long as he continues in a situation incapable of adding to his pleasures, he leaves him to the care of those who are possessed of more benevolence than he; a quality to which he lays no claim, not being in his catalogue of virtues.

The world would indeed be much more miserable than it is, were there not many friendships formed on purer principles, and founded on a more durable basis than such a fleeting attachment. He who intends forming a lasting friendship, must, in the first place, endeavour to learn if the person he fixes on, be of good and firm principles, possessed of a heart generous and open, uniformly kind and forgiving. Such a character only is capable of a *virtuous* friendship. Courage and firmness, to defend either person or character, form requisites for a lasting friendship; as he who, from want of some degree of courage, or from a careless indifference, will not defend either, is not likely to prove any valuable acquisition to another as a friend.

When a truly virtuous friendship is once formed, each party considers himself entitled to draw on the other's good offices; but this is never done but on occasions which fully warrant the request. When a favour is asked, it is requested with confidence, and granted with chearfulness. They vie with each other in being the first to oblige; and, should any thing occur unfavourable to the duration of their friendship, both exhibit the same anxiety for a speedy accommodation. Their mutual happiness may thus, for a short space, be damped, but not lessened; as the good understanding which afterwards follows becomes daily more secure. Theirs is not an unmeaning profession of esteem and regard, which is forgot almost as soon as spoken. Their innumerable friendly acts to each other beget a mutual confidence, that continues unshaken, "and such a friendship ends not but with life." Nor does it end there, if they are possessed of the pleasing hope of a glorious immortality in the world of spirits, where, if particular friendships are renewed, we may be assured they never end; and, if not renewed individually, they will be most fully supplied by the benignity of that august and benevolent Being, "whose friendship is better than life."

Yours, &c. AMICUS.

Established Rules for the Composition of a Modern Novel, or Romance.

IN the first place, you must make a point of beginning in the middle of the story: as nothing can be more absurd and insipid than letting a person know who, or what, they are reading about, for four chapters at least; and moreover, be sure to let the first sentence be an exclamation of horror, astonishment, or apprehension.—In the next, take particular care to let the leading characters have foreign names, of at least three syllables; as the frequent repetition of them will be found, on calculation, to occupy a considerable number of pages in the course of the work.

Let the domestics be always faithful, and on the most familiar terms with their employers.

Let all handsome personages be amiable, and all that are plain or deformed must be vicious.

Make parents tyrannical, strangers disinterestedly benevolent, old maids envious and ridiculous, and children possessed of uncommon talents.

Select words from a good dictionary; such as these, "isolated"—"unsophisticated"—"contour"—"melange"—"machinations"—"analogous"—"energetical;" and let two at least be found in every page: they will give it an air of "sublimity" and "incomprehensibility."

Make a point of concluding the first volume with a dilemma, the second with a mystery, the third with a scene of confusion and dismay, and the fourth with four or five weddings; making marriage the sole reward of the good, the ultimatum of happiness, and the only object of female ambition.

This will undoubtedly have an amazing run for six weeks.

TASTE AND GENIUS

ARE two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two very different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative; which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty, where it is perceived, but which can moreover produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is farther necessary to form the poet or the orator.

BLAIR.

THE COMPLAISANT HUSBAND.

A MAN married, and his wife, when seen by him after marriage, according to the Persian custom, which forbids unveiling, except to the nearest relatives, proved to be extremely ugly. A few days after the nuptials, she said to him, "My life, as you have numerous relations, I wish you to inform me before whom of them I may unveil."—"My soul," said the man, "if thou wilt but conceal thy face from me, I care not to whom thou shewest it."

PERSIAN ANECDOTES.

LEWELLIN AND THE BARD.

(Continued from page 262.)

THE good physician had previously suggested to the prince that his disorder had taken a favourable turn, and that nothing was wanting to establish the renovation of his health but ease of mind, and such amusements as his weak state would admit of; and, although he forbade the intrusion of visitors, or any boisterous conviviality, he requested permission to introduce an orphan niece, whose artless vivacity and extraordinary accomplishments would, he doubted not, render her an agreeable companion to the invalid. The prince carelessly assented, and the lovely Ellinor was introduced without delay. The luxurious grandeur of the palace was at first a source of pleasing astonishment to her youthful mind, and when she was conducted to the couch on which the prince reclined, her natural sensibility was excited, and she paid her respects with a degree of awe and modest diffidence, which charmed Lewellin. Though ignorant that it was her father before whom she stood, she experienced a sensation of regard, which his present situation seemed sufficiently to account for; and, when informed that she was to exert her talents for the amusement of the invalid, she answered, with the most winning sweetness, that—"She was only fearful her talents would not be adequate to her wishes."—"How old is this bewitching girl?" inquired the prince.—"Scarcely eleven," answered the physician; "but her understanding is beyond her years."—"I perceive it," said Lewellin: "you have given me a little treasure. But we will talk more of this another time." After some desultory conversation, the physician retired, and the prince began to question Ellinor concerning her connections and situation in life. The natural artlessness of her disposition would have prompted her to explain every particular, but she had already been taught her lesson; and therefore merely replied, that she

had been brought up in retirement, with a very accomplished friend, who took great pains to perfect her in whatever she had capacity to learn; and that her uncle had lately been desirous of having her with him for a short time. This account satisfied Lewellin, to whom she alternately sung, played, or read, as the prince's humour required. Lewellin was delighted with her engaging vivacity, and seemed never so happy as when she was by his side; none but his principal attendants were admitted, except the vile woman who had usurped the place of the unhappy Editha in Lewellin's affection, and on those occasions Ellinor was always dismissed to her apartment.

One evening, while the prince was enjoying a refreshing slumber, into which he had been lulled by the soft notes of Ellinor's harp, she felt an irresistible desire to examine a suite of apartments beyond the prince's chamber, which she had never yet entered. Knowing the usual indulgence of Lewellin, she fearlessly availed herself of the opportunity, and tripped lightly along the gallery till she came to the first room, which was hung with a number of beautiful paintings. Here Ellinor's curiosity was unexpectedly gratified; she examined every one with minute attention, till she heard the prince pronouncing her name, and she hastened immediately to him. He inquired the reason of her absence, and, after she had apologised for the liberty she had taken, received his permission to revisit it as often as she pleased.—"There is also a room beyond it, Miss Fitzowen," said the prince, "which contains some family portraits; perhaps it would give you pleasure to view them. It is but a poor compensation for your kind attention to me; at some future period I may find a better way of evincing my gratiude."—Ellinor kissed his hand affectionately, and, it being then late, retired for the night.

On the following day she took an opportunity of revisiting the picture-room, when, having a better light, she passed above an hour in admiring them. The family portraits next engaged her attention; the piece which most

attracted her notice was one in which Lewellin, in the prime of youth and beauty, was represented on horseback, by the side of his august father and gallant brother: in his fine countenance she traced the glowing beauties of virtue, magnanimity, and every youthful grace. Ellinor knew not of his subsequent follies, and the picture before her represented but the fair exterior. Having gazed a considerable time on an object so attractive, she cast her eyes round the apartment, and in one corner perceived a large picture in a superb frame, resting against the wall, with the face concealed. Surprised that such a magnificent picture should remain in that neglected position, she eagerly hastened to inspect it; with difficulty she turned it round, for it was large and heavy, and beheld the portrait of a lady of most lovely form and features, richly habited, represented in the attitude of St. Cecilia. The splendour of the dress at first rivetted her attention, but no sooner did she dwell on her features, than they forcibly reminded her of her beloved mother. In a moment she pressed her lips to the inanimate canvas, and letting go her hold, the portrait fell on the ground, and the frame was dashed to pieces. Terrified and dismayed, Ellinor ran back to the prince's apartment, and implored his forgiveness for the carelessness she had been guilty of; but, fearful of mentioning her mother, she did not explain to him which picture she had injured, and the prince being at that moment in extreme pain, paid little attention to what she said. A cold which he had caught confined him again to his bed, and Ellinor, delighted with her treasure, stole every moment she could to kiss and weep over the portrait which so strongly resembled her mother. Fearful, at length, that her frequent absence would displease the prince, she resolved, if possible, to move her favourite picture into his apartment, and conceal it behind the drapery of the window furniture; and having carefully separated the shattered fragments of the frame from the canvas, she found it no difficult task. Delighted

with her stratagem, she lost no time in putting it into execution, and while the prince slept she cautiously introduced her prize; but she had too little art to conceal her theft successfully. One evening, when Lewellin, overcome with lassitude, reclined on his couch with his eyes closed, she anxiously ran to her beloved picture, and drawing aside the crimson curtain which had concealed it from observation, again lavished on it the most tender caresses.—Lewellin, roused by her quick motion, looked round the chamber in search of her, and instantly perceiving how she was engaged, uttered an exclamation of astonishment—"Gracious heaven! child," cried he; "What is that? Where did you get that portrait?"—Ellinor started up, confused, and trembling; "Oh! pray be not angry," she cried; "it is the picture I broke. You said you forgave me."—"Forgave you, girl. Do you know whose portrait it is?"—Ellinor hung down her head in silence. "Indeed I do not; but it is so like ——."—"Whom?" demanded the prince, in a stern tone, yet with extreme agitation.—"My mother!" cried the terrified girl, falling on her knees, with a look of supplication the most moving. "Indeed, indeed it is very like her." Lewellin trembled, and turned pale. At that moment the physician was announced. He looked astonished at the scene before him, but had not time for reflection, as the prince had fallen back in a fainting fit.—"Oh, I have killed him!" cried Ellinor, bursting into an agony of tears; "It is I have done it; I have terrified him to death."—"Hush, hush, love!" said the good man, "he revives." Lewellin raised his eye-lids; Ellinor was hanging over him, pressing her cheek to his. With an involuntary motion he drew her close to him, and looking earnestly at Fitzowen, said, "Deceive me no longer. Whose child is this?"—"Yours, my prince," exclaimed the physician, undauntedly; "does not your heart acknowledge her—and her mother. Dare I mention her?"—"You may—you must."—"Protected by the venerable Madoc,

she pines away in solitude; mourns your neglect, your unmerited abandonment."—"How could she spare this child?"—"To save your life; or, if that could not be, to remind you in the last awful moment of one who has ever faithfully loved you, and to receive from your dying lips something like an acknowledgment of affection."—"Leave me," cried the prince; "take her away, I have loved her too well."—"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Ellinor, clasping her arms round his knees; "if you are my father I will not leave you now; you will break my heart, and my mother's too. Let me only stay till you are well."—"Can you love such a father, Ellinor; has not the princess taught you to hate me?"—"I never thought I had a father," replied Ellinor, trembling; "but I knew my mother was unhappy, and she always taught me to love the Prince Lewellin."—The artless reproof contained in this reply, affected the prince forcibly; he embraced her with paternal fondness. "Ellinor, rise," said he, "you shall now be convinced that you have a father. Let the Princess Editha be sent for; if she will consent to resume her empire in my heart, assure her that her dominion shall be absolute. I see my error, and blush less in acknowledging it, than I do at the conviction of my injustice." Overjoyed at this unhoped for revolution, the good man threw himself at the feet of his prince, and inarticulately expressed his rapture; then hastened with the delightful tidings to the retreat of the sorrowful Editha. Who can speak the rapture of the princess, at receiving this intelligence; those only who have experienced anguish like her's can imagine it. She threw herself into the arms of the venerable Madoc, and poured out the effusions of her joy and gratitude on his bosom. Accompanied by her kind friends, she hastened to the palace, amidst the acclamations of the populace, who unanimously shouted—"Long live Prince Lewellin and his amiable consort; happy day, that restores to Cambria a virtuous prince and princess!!"

Delighted with the praises of his people, the charms of

his princess, and the endowments of his beauteous daughter, Lewellin abjured his former follies, and passed the remainder of his days in the practice of every social virtue.

E. F.

ON SEDUCTION.

"Curse on that tongue, whose vile pernicious art
Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart."

WHAT is seduction? Seduction is a crime moulded in the blackest hypocrisy of a heart cruel and base, and brought forth by means equally vile and barbarous. Seduction is a crime so much the more horrid, that it chooses its victims among the helpless and the weak; women, gentle and sweet women, are the constant objects of its wretched pursuits, and not seldom fall an untimely prey to its villanous perfidy. Seduction bewilders their susceptible minds in a romantic maze of visionary happiness, that it may the better throw an insidious veil over the most sacred duties of their hearts; it dazzles them by the near and unnatural brilliancy of love's pictured aspects, that it may the better conceal from their view that wilderness of shame and misery, whither its perfidious hand leads their incautious steps.

Let a woman never expect happiness from a man who wants her to sacrifice honour and duty to his passions. He who wants to rob a woman of her virtue, which makes all her strength, can be actuated but by the mean purpose of abusing her weakness. By yielding to a man's unlawful wishes, a woman renders herself despicable in his eyes; thus she will soon lose her fascinating power—thus the tie of love, so slender, when not strengthened by mutual esteem, will soon be broken, and the deluded victim be left to mourn and to weep over her own infatuated credulity.

A man, who truly loves and esteems a woman, will think it honourable to his sensibility, to pay her, on every occasion, that tribute of affectionate respect, which, of all created beings, women undoubtedly have the fairest claim to. But if a man, in addressing a woman, shuns the face of day—if he lurks in the dark—if he is afraid of being seen, then let her beware of that man; he is not a lover, he is a villain, who meditates a robbery, and plots a murder.—And more than a murder! for the dagger of the assassin could not inflict a deeper wound on a female's heart, than even the whisper that can sully its purity and honour!

Woman is neither clothed in a tyger's skin, nor armed with a lion's strength: the looks of meekness, the blushes of modesty, the smiles of innocence, and the fascination of weakness united to beauty; these only are the sacred thorns with which kind nature has surrounded and guarded that beautiful rose. Thus defenceless, woman is, as it were, thrown, by heaven itself, on man's generosity: then how base, how mean, how vile, must the seducer be, when he betrays that honourable and heavenly trust! When he mocks the tender feelings of an helpless woman, whom nature instinctively leads to him, as to her only protector. That feature alone renders the seducer infamous; for, as in woman nothing can compensate for the absence of virtue, so, in man, nothing can atone for the want of honour.

The seducer is a traitor: under the assumed garb of a true and pure affection, he enters the temple where innocent beauty dwells, and then, like a sacrilegious robber, violates its sanctuary, pollutes its altar, and plunders it of its riches. Vile reptile! he lurks under flowers, to allure an unsuspecting victim; he smooths the way he knows well will lead her to endless sorrow, to useless repentance. Remorseless wretch! he tears the dearest ties of affection and duty asunder; clouds the bright sun of domestic happiness, and chills friendship, even when it smiles on him. Deaf to the feelings of nature, and the commanding voice of religion, the seducer overleaps their sacred barriers, and thus,

traitor to humanity itself, he undermines, he subverts, the noblest and surest basis of moral and social order.

The seducer is equally cruel and ungrateful. He introduces moral turpitude in corporeal beauty; thus he disorders the noblest symmetry of the most elegant form. He debases woman, the fairest work of the Almighty's hands; he blasts that "plant of celestial seed," and nips it in its very bud. He triumphs in rending with pangs of guilt and remorse, a tender bosom, which sweet nature heaves in gentle sighs of innocence and love.

The seducer is born of a woman; on a woman's breast his eyes shed their first tears; from a woman's breast his life drew its first support; and yet it is woman whom he persecutes, whom he betrays, whom he dooms to an unmerited misery, to a lasting disgrace! Woman, whose devoted affection to man so often outsteps the bounds of the strength and feeling of human nature *.

The seducer is a coward. By his lying vows of honesty and truth, he lulls a woman into the unconsciousness of danger; thus he surprises her virtue, strips her heart of

* Among the numerous instances of women's devoted affection to men, that of the amiable and much admired wife of the late unfortunate *Campbell* stands, in my opinion, most conspicuously, and peculiarly interesting. Who could, without bedewing with tears the track of that heroic woman's steps, follow her, the moment she leaves her dear husband, whom she is to see no more, till when, after a journey of upwards of 300 miles, through innumerable perils and fatigues, she reaches the foot of the British throne itself; and there most devoutly supplicates for royal mercy. Oh, most noble and interesting widow! the groans of thy conjugal love have re-echoed through every generous bosom; fear not, the disgraceful shade of the scaffold shall never reach, never touch thee. Thy generous fortitude, thy heroic perseverance, have made thee an object of affection, nay, of gratitude, to every woman of feeling, and of respect and protection to every man of honour.

divine armour, then basely assaults it, and meanly triumphs. Instead of protecting a poor weak female from the impending storm, the seducer himself stirs the tempest with which she is overwhelmed; he leads that frail vessel into shallow waters, dashes it against the rocks, and then meanly seizes and plunders it to the last wreck.

Thus, oh seducer! every step by which thou ascendest to thy triumph, is but a new crime; and every laurel with which thou deckest thy brow, but the emblem of a disgusting vice. Oh! shouldst thou be possessed of millions and millions, thou couldst never repay the honour thou hast sacrificed! Shouldst thou exhaust the source of thy tears, thou couldst never blot out the stain thou hast brought on fair innocence! No, seduction is a crime not in the power of man to atone for! Let then a seducer be declared infamous, even by law; let his very name be held up as a kind of Pharos, as a warning to innocence and virtue not to glide within the vortex of his disgraceful and disgraced existence. By thus exposing vice in its most hideous deformity, a check might, perhaps, be put to its baneful and far spreading influence.

N. FRAISINET.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

(Continued from page 230.)

THIS person was no other than honest Peter, whose faithful conduct towards his deceased mistress, and decided attachment to my person, had induced me to take him into my service; but not requiring his attendance during my journey, I had given him permission to spend a month with a relation, who resided within a short distance of Mr. Middleton's hospitable abode. I had two motives for granting the worthy fellow this indulgence; the first was, the gratification he would derive from it; and the second, that

through his communication I should have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with whatever passed in a family in whose welfare and happiness I felt myself so deeply concerned.

But to return to the subject which had given rise to my visit to my worthless cousin; whom, at the conclusive part of my narrative, Mr. Hemmington and I took leave of, without obtaining any satisfactory intelligence respecting the sudden departure of his servant. This man, we had been informed, had quitted the humble sphere of life in which Providence had placed him, for the purpose of being elevated to a more important station, by an alliance with a young lady of family and fortune. But, as crimes of every description are generally discovered, either by the hand of Providence, or a coincidence of unforeseen circumstances, so it happened in the present case; for, as honest Peter was on his road to Mr. Hemmington's, for the purpose of imparting to me a piece of intelligence, which he was aware could not reach me in two days, in consequence of that gentleman not residing near a post-town, his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of repeated and feeble groans.

The night was dark and dreary, and the road he was passing skirted by an extensive forest, from which it was evident the sound of lamentation issued, though the dense clouds which overspread the horizon prevented him from discovering the exact spot. Tying his horse to a tree, and recommending himself to the protection of the Great Preserver of human existence, he with the utmost difficulty explored the intersected paths; but, urged on by the attracting force of humanity, he at length reached the object who had excited his compassion.

The gloom of the evening having been increased by the thick foliage with which he was surrounded, prevented him from discerning the being whom he had taken so much pains to serve. "Unbind me, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed the afflicted sufferer; "for I believe they have torn the flesh from my bones; and I am so weak, from the loss

of blood, that unless you have something to stop it, I shall be dead in a quarter of an hour!"

"Surely I know that voice," said the humane Peter, drawing a penknife from his pocket, and severing the cords, which, by the power of feeling, he found confined the unhappy victim's head between his heels. "God reward you!" rejoined the unhappy man, finding his limbs at liberty; "but I have a terrible gash upon my head, from which the blood pours in torrents; oh, try and stop it, my kind, kind friend."

The humane Peter performed the office of surgeon as well as the darkness with which he was surrounded would permit; but scarcely had he completed the humane employment, when he had the gratification of hearing the distant tinkling of a waggon's bells. Peter instantly quitted the wounded man, for the purpose of obtaining assistance; but returned in a few minutes, with a lantern and the waggoner, when, judge of his astonishment, at discovering the wounded sufferer to be no other than his late fellow-servant Richard; the being whom my cousin had informed me had quitted his humble station to be united to a young lady of rank.

The guilty wretch no sooner perceived to whose humanity he was indebted for the comparative ease which he then felt, than, with visible agitation, he demanded whether I was in the neighbourhood; and being answered in the negative, he exclaimed, "Thank God!" With the greatest difficulty he was conveyed to the waggon, which reaching a village in which a surgeon resided, in less than an hour, he was taken to a public-house, the wounds he had received examined, and the appalling intelligence imparted that they were likely to prove mortal; as the temple artery had been cut through, and the loss of blood greater than could be conceived.

Conscious guilt rendered this intelligence truly dreadful! The ill-fated wretch implored a clergyman to be instantly summoned, and in his presence acknowledged that he had

set fire to Mr. Hemmington's house, from a private pique which he owed that worthy character, and from a hope that, in the confusion occasioned by such an unexpected calamity, he might obtain possession of my pocket-book.

Repeatedly did Peter ask the unhappy culprit whether his master was privy to the diabolical plan; but his answer was, "I have sins enough already to account for; and I will neither impeach him, or any other creature." The guilty sufferer languished until the following morning; but, after making the confession, had a succession of fainting fits, which prevented him from deriving benefit from the clergyman, or giving the particulars of the cause of his death; all that could be obtained from his incorrect statement was, that he had been beset by a gang of thieves, to whom he refused delivering his property, and who treated him with the cruelty which has been described.

That my unprincipled relation knew of, if he was not accessary to his servant's diabolical proceedings, did not admit of a doubt; yet, as honest Peter came for the purpose of informing me that Mr. Middleton was attacked with a disease to which he was subject, I did not chuse to waste my time by going again to his house. Though the gout is not considered as an alarming disorder, particularly when known to be constitutional, yet, from the moment I received the account of Mr. Middleton being attacked with it, an indescribable depression hung upon my spirits, or rather one of those inward presentiments, for which human reason is incapable of accounting. Not chusing to expose this weakness to my hospitable friend, Mr. Hemmington, I accepted his offer of being driven by him to D——, a post-town, about four miles from the rectory.

Never had I before felt inclined to deviate from that sacred maxim, which says, "The merciful man is kind to his beast;" but I repeatedly urged my friend to make use of coercion, although I perceived the poor animal was rather lame. Upon arriving at the inn, I ordered four of the fleetest horses to be harnessed; which evidently excited the

astonishment of Mr. Hemmington, and though politeness prevented him from inquiring into the motive which induced me to adopt that unusual mode of travelling, I could not help perceiving he was very much surprised.

Money, that great author of motion, induced the postillions to drive with inconceivable velocity; yet, the nearer I approached the spot which was to terminate my impatience, the stronger became the presentiment which had induced me to travel with such unaccustomed speed. When I had arrived within a few miles of the wished for haven, I perceived a carriage before me, which impeded my progress, from the road being too narrow for two vehicles conveniently to pass. I demanded of the postillions, in a tone of authority, why they did not drive obliquely; madly asserting that three carriages, with judicious management, need not impede the progress of each other. The fellows, piqued by the remark, whipped their horses at the same moment, loudly vociferating to the man before them, "Make way!" An instant crash proved the folly I had been guilty of, and so violent was the concussion, produced by the locking of the wheels together, that the hind one of my chaise instantly flew off; and the shaft horse, which was a very spirited animal, became so untractable, as to hazard the existence of his rider. It was with difficulty that I extricated myself from a situation, which my own temerity and impatience had produced, and prevented farther mischief, by seizing hold of the reins.

An elderly gentleman, who was solus in the other carriage, severely reprimanded my postillions for the madness of their conduct; and, when he found that it would be impossible for him to proceed on his journey, his indignation knew no bounds; "for, sir," said he, addressing me, "every moment of my time is precious: and you will think so, when I tell you that the life of a fellow-creature depends upon my skill." This declaration, united to the appellation of doctor from the postillion, convinced me that the person whom I had injured by my impatience, was a physician; and

I eagerly demanded to what distance he was going—whether his patient was in danger—and whether he could not ride one of the post-horses—in the same breath.

"How many miles to Mr. Middleton's, Richard?" inquired the disciple of Esculapius. "Mr. Middleton's! Great God! were you going to Mr. Middleton's?" I exclaimed, seizing the hand of my astonished companion, and staring at him with a frantic gaze. To complete the feelings of remorse, I had the misery of hearing the gout had attacked the worthy Mr. Middleton's stomach, and that the doctor considered it a lost case.

Fortunately, the pockets of my chaise furnished us with a hammer and a few long nails, which enabled us to repair the damage done to that of the doctor's, as the distance we had to travel was only three miles. I say *we*, for I forced myself into the physician's company, after having made ample restitution to the drivers, for the injury done to the chaise; and, in a frame of mind too painful for language to paint accurately, arrived at the invalid's abode.

(To be continued.)

THE SHIELD AND SPECTACLES,

AN ALLEGORICAL ROMANCE.

(Concluded from page 254.)

OUR travellers having mounted their horses, proceeded on their journey, laughing heartily at their late adventure. But their mirth was of short duration; dark accumulating clouds covered the horizon, and obscured the setting sun; large and heavy drops of rain fell on the earth; the birds hurried with fearful shrieks to the sheltering foliage, and gave indication of an approaching storm. "Keep a sharp look out, Caution," said the prince to his attendant; "and

let us know if we have a chance of a near asylum; it would not be pleasant to be benighted in this forest, while the elements are so unpropitious." Caution had recourse to his spectacles, but soon withdrew them in evident perturbation. "Canst thou not discover any thing?"—"Marry, I can," replied the trembling domestic; "but, of two evils chuse the least, is my maxim; and it were better to get a wet jerken than be made body lining for wild beasts."—"Nonsense!" cried Enterprise, impatiently; "trifle no longer, old man; thy wit is untimely. What dost thou behold?"—"That which I would not willingly approach," said Caution, checking the animal he bestrode; "in good truth, sir knight, we are within a short ride of a most terrific building. The mouldering edifice threatens destruction to all who approach it; and it appears to be the haunt of hideous and ferocious monsters."—"We will scare them away, I warrant," cried Enterprize, brandishing his sword; "if they are hungry they shall feast on cold iron." With these words he spurred his steed, and was instantly followed by Junius and the page; while Caution, almost terrified out of his wits, vainly entreated them to desist; but finding his supplications treated with ridicule, and unwilling to be left alone in that dreary place, he made what haste he could to overtake them.

Arrived at the gates of the castle, and finding them unclosed, the travellers boldly entered, when, to their great surprise, instead of the appalling reception they expected, they were met in the hall by a person magnificently habited, and who courteously welcomed them to his mansion. Junius cast a reproving glance on his domestic, who understanding its import, contented himself with shrugging his shoulders, and shaking his head with an air of incredulity. A number of attendants, sumptuously arrayed, waited the orders of their master; whose bloated figure, and distempered countenance, proved him a martyr to luxurious fare. Junius briefly requested shelter for the night, which was readily accorded; and having taken some refreshment, the

party retired to rest. Junius, who shared his bed with Enterprise, had but just fallen into a refreshing slumber, ere he was awakened by the cold touch of a strange hand, and starting up, he beheld, by the light of his lamp, a miserable being standing by his bedside; his aspect was pale and wan, and his spare emaciated figure wrapped in the most unsightly garments. "What wouldst thou have with me?" demanded the prince. "This intrusion must be satisfactorily accounted for."—"I meditate no evil," replied the stranger, in a mournful accent, while large drops of anguish fell from his eyes; "I would save thee from a fate dreadful as that I have experienced; quick, rouse thy domestics, or to-morrow's dawn will consign thee to endless misery."—"Who art thou?" demanded the prince; "I little expected to behold a form like thine in this splendid mansion."—"Ask me not now for explanation," replied the stranger; "on the skirts of the forest is a mansion, which thou mayest safely enter: thither I lately conducted two beauteous damsels, who are safely protected, by a being who delights in succouring the innocent and virtuous." Junius, overjoyed at this intelligence, hastily roused Enterprise. "Rise, my dear friend," he exclaimed; "the objects of our pursuit are within reach. Summon Caution and my page, and let us instantly quit this castle." Enterprise, inspired with hope, immediately obeyed the order, and the party soon collected in the prince's chamber; when, to the infinite astonishment of them all, their strange guide fell at the feet of the page, and embraced them with every expression of respect and contrition. "This is no time for acknowledgments," said the page; "I am glad to find that you persevere in your good resolutions: serve me faithfully in this instance, and your reward shall be certain." Junius was much surprised at this address, and particularly that his page should promise for him; but there was a dignified expression in the features of the interesting youth, that silenced his intended rebuke, and filled him with curiosity to know his real situation. Unwilling to lose time by idle inquiries,

Junius waved his hand for them to proceed; but was startled on the staircase by a confused noise of revelry and groans, from the adjoining chambers. "What means all this?" he demanded, retreating a few paces. "Be not dismayed," returned his guide; "we shall pass unmolested. Some are too much engrossed by their pleasures, and others by their miseries, to notice us."—"But here are suffering wretches, whom we might assist," replied Junius, still hesitating. "Heed them not," cried the guide; "they are voluntary victims to the tyranny of the wretch who owns this castle; any attempt to release them would but involve us in peril; their hour is not yet come; greater sufferings yet await them." Thus admonished, Junius was encouraged to proceed; but he still ventured one inquiry, "Are there any females within these walls?"—"Too many," replied his guide, with a deep sigh: "but I trust the hour is not far distant, which will annihilate the power of this monster; whose emissaries are dispersed over the face of the empire, to decoy fresh victims into his power." They had by this time passed the gate, when the page turning back, clasped his hands together, and, with uplifted eyes, exclaimed, "Thank heaven, we have safely escaped. Oh! my prince, return most grateful thanks that thou art safe from the power of the monster Licentiousness." The prince shuddered as he heard these words; he remembered the previous information of Caution, and was covered with shame at the recollection of his own imprudence, which had so nearly proved his ruin. The page observed what passed in his mind, and proceeded forward without further comment, till (conducted by the faithful guide) they arrived at the portal of a building, the exterior of which displayed neither ostentation nor magnificence. The page sounded the horn, and in a few minutes a man of venerable appearance approached the gate. The guide then, with much solemnity, demanded admittance for the travellers, and the gate was readily opened. They were then ushered into an apartment, the furniture of

which, though not costly, was simply elegant. Fragrant flowers perfumed the apartment, and the hangings were embroidered with fanciful devices; tame doves, with golden collars, sported on the boughs of spreading myrtles; and the soft notes of musical instruments struck the ears of the wondering travellers. "What new enchantment is this?" exclaimed Junius, gazing round him with anxiety. "Suspend your inquiries," replied his page, smiling; "for I fancy our host approaches." He had no sooner spoken, than the door of an inner apartment opened, and a youth of most lovely form entered: on his head he wore a crown of gold, entwined with roses; his vestments were of azure blue, and a quiver of arrows was suspended from his shoulder; he carried in his hand a silver bow, and on his scarf was embroidered the words—"Who can resist me?" He extended his hand to Junius and his friend; but the latter, suspecting dissimulation, drew back, and haughtily desired him to produce the damsels who had been placed under his care. On hearing this impetuous address, the countenance of the youth underwent a sudden change; a flash of indignation darted from his eyes, and contemptuously viewing Enterprise from head to foot, he cried, "Rash youth! know that my power is absolute. Humility and moderation may claim indulgence from me, but arrogance, like thine, claims chastisement." With these words he drew his bow, when Junius, perceiving the danger of his friend, hastily rushed between them, and received the well-directed dart. His shield was shivered into a thousand pieces, and the fatal arrow entered deep into his left side. Enterprise uttered an exclamation of rage, and would have instantly sacrificed the treacherous host, had not a lovely female at that moment entered, and thrown herself into his arms: it was his beloved long lost Romance. The page, with fond solicitude, supported his wounded master, who received the caresses and attentions of his faithful attendant with heartfelt gratitude, and gazed in silent anguish on his insulting foe; who exultingly smiled, and cried, "Fear not, it is not mortal," and with these words he quitted the room.

"Where is your companion?" asked Enterprise, addressing Romance; "is she safe?"—"Yes, my friend; safe and happy. Love has protected Innocence, and saved your sister from the tyranny of Licentiousness, who would have confined us in his disgraceful bondage."—"And is it to that benevolent power I am indebted for this happiness?" cried the enraptured knight: "but see my suffering friend; what can console me for the calamity I have drawn on him."—"The auspicious being, who so tenderly watches over him," exclaimed the guide, who now for the first time ventured to speak; "celestial maid, no longer withhold thy charms from him, whom thou hast condescended to attend on this perilous expedition. The ordeal is past, and it only remains for thee to reveal thyself." The page, hearing these words, arose with dignity, and throwing off the mantle, which had enveloped a form of unequalled symmetry and grace, stood before the prince in all the lustre of female loveliness. The divine vision, which had before presented itself to him, was now embodied in mortal form, who, taking him tenderly by the hand, said, in soft persuasive accents, "Rise, gallant prince, and view in me thy friend, thy protector; under this sacred roof alone dare I reveal myself to thee, and acknowledge Junius the beloved companion of Virtue." A smiling group now advanced, with chaplets of roses, led on by Love and Innocence, who crowned the happy couple with never-fading wreaths; while Enterprise and Romance paid them homage. Nor was their sorrowful guide, Repentance, forgotten; his dusky garb was changed for robes of comfort, and he was deputed the ambassador of Virtue, to turn the steps of the wretched wanderer from the haunts of Licentiousness to the abode of the happy. Tidings were immediately dispatched to the good Prudentia, relating the fortunate issue of their expedition; and a powerful alliance was cemented by the union, which in time succeeded in extirpating Licentiousness and his adherents, and establishing Love and Virtue in absolute dominion. While safe under their protecting power, Junius

enjoyed uninterrupted felicity; Romance and Enterprise emulated their virtues, and Caution found his old age comfortable and respected.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. V.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CANARY BIRDS.

AS many take great delight in these little creatures, it may not be deemed superfluous to offer a few words on the care and management of them; since, independent of the pleasure afforded by their harmony, humanity must plead for the helpless prisoners, deprived of their natural enjoyments, and suggest the necessity of those attentions, which alone can preserve their lives, and solace them in confinement. In the winter, particular care should be taken to protect them from the inclemency of the weather; their cages should be cleaned less frequently than in summer, and the gravel properly dried before it is put in. Some saffron should be put in their water, and occasionally they should be allowed a little warm milk. Now and then a small quantity of maw-seed, and some hard egg, chopped fine; all green meat must be carefully kept from them. Their common food should be rape and canary seed, with a few grains of hemp.

The goldfinch may have a larger proportion of hemp-seed, or some thistle-seed, which is their natural food; if they appear ill, a little pounded chalk may be strewed in the cage, and some saffron mixed in the water.

The linnet must have rape-seed and hemp only; great attention should be paid that their water is not suffered to get foul, as that neglect is alone sufficient to endanger their lives. Those who have valuable birds, would do well to cover them every night, during the winter, with a piece of green baize.

In warm weather fewer precautions are necessary, yet even then they should not be allowed too much green food; their common seeds being the best for them. Neither the goldfinch nor the canary should be allowed hemp-seed in the summer; nor should they at any time be left exposed to the night damps.

JEALOUSY; OR, HARM WATCH, HARM CATCH.

A DRAMA.

(Concluded from page 202.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter Don Miguel, reading a letter.

Don Miguel.—So, so; I stand a chance of losing my prize; I find the lovely Isabella treats me with disdain, and her fair daughter-in-law also scoffs at my pretensions; but when once I get her into my power, it will be my turn to scoff.—Agnes is a clever girl; she has sent me this disguise; but warns me to beware of Floretta's English lover, who has art and spirit enough to assume any form likely to answer his purpose. How plaguy dark it is. Hist! I hear a cautious footstep stealing this way; 'tis the prowling lover, no doubt.—*(Steps aside.)*

Enter Don Jerome.

Don J.—All is well; I can see no one lurking about, therefore, in half an hour, Floretta shall be placed in a secure asylum, from whence no one shall dare to remove her. —*(Endeavouring to unlock the gate.)*

Don M.—Ha, traitor! you would forestall me, would you? but I have a trusty friend at hand to assert my right. —*(Draws his sword, and attacks Don Jerome.)*

Don J.—Villain! what means this outrage?

Don M.—This is no time for explanation. I have no desire to shed your blood; deliver up that key, and relinquish your claim to the Lady Floretta, and you shall not repent your generosity.

Don J.—A modest request, truly! Give up my right to a midnight assassin. Come on, sir; I am ready to defend myself.

Don M.—Your arrogance shall not go unpunished.—*(Wounds Don Jerome.)*

Don J.—Oh, help! help! I am wounded; within there.

Don M.—What have I done! this must be Don Jerome. Darkness befriend me, I must conceal myself; blundering old fool! what business had he prowling about in the dark.

Enter Captain Harley.

Harley.—Some mischief is going on; a man wounded. What can be the meaning of all this?

Don J.—Oh, for mercy's sake, help! I faint with loss of blood. I am a noble Castilian; Don Jerome Fernandez.

Harley.—Don Jerome! who has dared to commit this villanous action?

Don J.—A desperate young heretic, who wanted to deprive me of my daughter; but he shall be punished.

Harley.—He accuses me! but I must be silent. If this is your house, sir, I will rouse your domestics.

Don J.—Oh, pray do; I fear the villain has done for me.

Harley rings violently at the bell, and retreats.——Servants appear with lights.——Harley, perceiving the monk's hood and gown, disguises himself while they attend their master.

Don J.—Pray, sir, enter; my thanks are due for your kindness. Ah! it is the good father Anselm; how fortunate!—*(The servants raise their master, and bear him into the house, followed by Captain Harley.)*

SCENE II.

Don Jerome's Chamber.

Enter Isabella and Floretta.

Isa.—I hope, my lord, your wound is not dangerous.

Flo.—My dear father!

Don J.—Out of my sight, hussey; I may thank you for my misfortune.

Flo.—Dear sir! I cannot comprehend you.

Don J.—I admire your affectation of innocence. You know not, I suppose, that the villain Harley was lurking about in search of you. Ah, viper! you tremble. Is this your innocence, to engage an assassin to murder your father.

Flo.—It is impossible! Harley is too noble to be guilty of such an action; I should despise him.

Don. J.—All artifice and hypocrisy; but I have done with you; I will disinherit you. And now I commit you to the care of Father Anselm, and swear never to see your face again.

Flo.—Oh, heaven's! all is lost.

Harley.—*(Making a sign to her.)*—Lady, this emotion is unseemly. The holy vocation to which you are called, will inspire your mind with resolution to overcome all such weakness?—*(Aside.)* Dearest Floretta, fear not; I am your protector.

Flo.—Harley! is it possible. But how can you dissimulate at such a time as this?

Harley.—What is to be done?

Flo.—At all events, our duty. *(Falling at her father's feet.)* Oh, sir, have pity on your daughter, and deign to listen to her vindication. The dreadful alternative you proposed to me filled me with despair, and I imprudently wrote to Captain Harley, informing him of my situation, and persuading him to effect my release in the disguise of Father Anselm. You have now consigned me to the protection of my lover; but I scorn to take any advantage of your mis-

take, or unite myself with one stigmatized with such baseness as you have accused him of. Speak, Harley; it remains with you to prove your innocence.

Harley.—Your account of this transaction fills me with astonishment. I have received no letter from you, Floretta; nor thought of disguise, till accidentally perceiving this habit on the ground, I availed myself of the confusion; and adopted it to conceal my person from Don Jerome.

Flo.—I have stated the truth. Let Agnes be summoned.

[*Exit servant.*

Don J.—It is a strange piece of business; you seem all in a plot against me.—Perhaps, madam, you are a party concerned. *(To Isabella).*

Isa.—Your reproach is unjust, sir; had you not given unbounded limits to your suspicious temper, we should not now have had to deplore this calamity. *(Weeping).*

Don J.—Then you do deplore it, Isabella. Well, come hither; I believe you are sincere, and will offend you no more by such accusations. This adventure has given me a lesson I shall not hastily forget.

Enter Agnes.

Agnes.—Well, mistress, can you account for all this?

Agnes to Flo.—Oh, madam, I have been very base indeed to betray you, who have ever treated me with such goodness. But, indeed, the vile Don Miguel tempted me so, with bribes and fine promises, that he won me over to his interest, and I gave him the letter designed for Captain Harley, and sent him that very friar's dress which he wears; but I did not suspect him of any design against my master's life.

Flo.—Perfidious girl! you see the result of your treachery. Quit the house instantly. [*Exit Agnes.*

My dear father, I implore your forgiveness; and, as the only atonement I can make for the misfortune my misconduct has occasioned, I submit myself implicitly to your determination.

Don J.—You now talk like a sensible good girl, and I forgive you. Captain Harley, I have wronged you; atonement is necessary; take the girl, and assure me of your friendship. We have been all in the wrong, therefore let a mutual reconciliation take place.

Harley.—I accept your proposal with gratitude, Don Jerome; and hope to enjoy your proffered friendship many years.

Don J.—Then take my advice as a friend, cautiously banish suspicion from your breast; and remember the old adage—Harm Watch, Harm Catch.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XI.

The Ring and the Well. A Romance.

WE have perused this amusing work with much pleasure. Improbability is certainly carried to its utmost limits; but the story is so well told, and so particularly interesting, that we cannot but make allowance for the extravagance of the composition. The plot is carried on with great ingenuity; and the language, as well as the moral, unexceptionable.

The Englishwoman. By Miss Byron.

THIS novel is far superior to the general run of such productions; the language is animated and correct. The characters happily diversified, and delineated with skill; and although the story is spun out to the extent of five volumes, the attention is never tired by unnecessary circumlocution, or impertinent digression. A few inaccuracies are observable in the arrangement of the titles of some of the characters, which we attribute more to inattention than ignorance; as many of the scenes depictured, evince that the fair

authoress is no stranger to high life, nor an unprofitable observer of its predominating follies.—On the whole, we can safely venture to recommend the Englishwoman, as a novel from the perusal of which the reader may derive both amusement and instruction. Want of room prevents our giving an extract in our present number.

LITERARY BANQUET.

NO. VI.

THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

IN the year 1344, in the reign of Peter IV. King of Arragon, the Island of Madeira was discovered by an Englishman, named Macham, who sailing from England to Spain, with a lady whom he had carried off, was driven by a tempest to this island, and cast anchor in the harbour, or bay, now called Machico, after the name of Macham. His mistress being sea-sick, he took her to land, with some of his company, where she died, and the ship drove out to sea. As he had a most tender affection for his mistress, he built a chapel, or hermitage, which he called Jesus, and buried her in it; and inscribed on her tombstone his and her name, and the occasion of their coming there. In the island are very large trees, of one of which he and his men made a boat, and went to sea in it, and were cast upon the shore of Africa, without sail or oars. The Moors were infinitely surprised at the sight of them, and presented Macham to their king, who sent him and his companions to the King of Castile, as a prodigy, or miracle.

In 1395, Henry III. of Castile, by the information of Macham, persuaded some of his mariners to go in search of this island, and of the Canaries. In 1417, King John II. of Castile, his mother Catharine being then regent, one M. Ruben, of Bracamont, Admiral of France, having demanded and obtained of the queen the conquest of the Canaries,

with the title of king for a kinsman of his, named M. John Betancourt, he departed from Seville with a great army: it is affirmed, that the principal motive that engaged him in his enterprise, was to discover the Island of Madeira, which Macham had found. The following elegiac stanzas are founded on the preceding historical fact:—Macham having consigned the body of his beloved mistress to the solitary grave, is supposed to have inscribed on her tomb-stone the following pathetic lines:—

O'er my poor Anna's lowly grave,
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring;
But angels, as the high pines wave,
There half-heard "Miserere" sing.

No flow'rs of transient bloom, at eve
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as this sad spot they leave,
"Sweets to the sweet, a long adieu."

But, in this wilderness profound,
O'r her the dove shall build her nest;
And ocean swell with softer sound,
A requiem to her dream of rest.

Ah! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend, or human eye,
Shall mark beneath the mossy tree,
The spot where we forgotten lie!

To kiss her name on this cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh! lay me with her in the grave!

REMARKABLE MODES OF SALUTATION IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

THE Islanders near the Phillippines take the hand, or foot, of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their

face.—The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute.—Dampier says, that at New Guinea they are satisfied to put on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace.—Many salutations are incommodious and painful; it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the straits of the Sound. Houtman tells us, that they saluted him in the following grotesque manner:—"They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence to his face."—The inhabitants of the Phillippines use a most complex attitude; they bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air, with their knee bent.—The Negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions; and hence all their ceremonies seem farcical. The greater part of them pull their fingers till they crack. Snelgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the King of Dahomy sent to him: the ceremony of salutation consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two Negro monarchs meet, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger.—Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmena (says Athenæus) would shew a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented, for the beverage of their friend, the blood as it flowed.—The Franks tore the hair from their head, and presented it to the person they saluted.—The slave cut his hair, and offered it to his master.—The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences, and these are the most remarkable postures: the men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on their breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees, and bend the face to the earth; and this ceremony

they repeat two or three times. Surely we may differ here from the sentiment of Montaigne, and confess this ceremony to be very ridiculous. It arises from their national affectation. They substitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

ORIGIN OF THE TITLE "MY LORD," TO A DEFORMED MAN.

Among several accounts of this custom, the following appears the most rational. In the first year of the reign of King Richard the Third, commonly known by the name of Crooked-Back, six persons, unhappily deformed in that part of their bodies, were made lords, as a reward for some services which they had formerly done the king: the novelty whereof occasioned the whole nation to make merry with those sort of people, by advising them to go to court, and receive an honour which nature seemed to have designed them for. It is from this, we presume, the mock title of "My Lord," has been ever since peculiar to those persons.

INTERESTING EXTRACT FROM "SERIOUS REFLECTIONS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE."

(A book very rarely accompanying the two volumes of his History.)

I Robinson Crusoe, grown old in affliction, borne down by calumny and reproach, but supported from within, boldly prescribe this remedy against the universal clamours and contempt of mankind. Patience, a steady life of virtue and sobriety, and a comforting dependence on the justice of Providence, will, first or last, restore the patient to the opinion of his friends, and justify him in the face of his enemies; and, in the mean time, will support him comfortably, in despising those who want manners and charity, and leave them to be tormented with their own passions and rage.

This thought made me long ago claim a kind of property

in some good old lines of the famous George Withers, Esq. made in prison in the Tower. He was a poetical gentleman, who had, in the time of the civil wars in England, been unhappy in changing sides too often, and had been put into the Tower by every side in turn; once by the king —once by the parliament—once by the army——and, at last again, I think, by General Monk: in a word, whatever side got up, he had the disaster to be down. The lines are thus:—

The world and I may well agree,
As most that are offended:
For I slight her, and she slights me,
And there our quarrel's ended.
For service done, and love express'd,
Tho' very few regard it,
My country owes me bread at least;
And if I am debarr'd it,
Good conscience is a daily feast,
And sorrow never marr'd it.

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing of the Marriage of Captain Foote, of the Royal Navy, with Miss Patten.

May the union cemented on Wednesday at Mattin,
Be blissful, and crown'd with abundance of fruit;
May the Foote still for ever prove true to the Patten,
The Patten for ever prove true to the Foote.

And though Pattens are used but in moist-dirty weather,
May their journey through life be unclouded and clean;
May they long *suit* each other, and, moving together,
May only one soul (sole) still be cherish'd between.

EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL CURIOSITY.

At a place called Catsgrove, near Reading, in Berkshire, is to be seen a natural curiosity, not noticed by Camden,

in his description of that county, where are different strata of earth, and, among the rest, beds of sea sand; from which the workmen belonging to a limekiln on that spot, dig up perfect oysters, firm, and unopened, and shew them to travellers. As the spot upon which this town stands, has not been recorded to have been ever overflowed, it is imagined that the oysters, and other substances, dug up at Catsgrove, are the consequences of some subterraneous eruption, whereby the sea has shifted its place and boundary, and left the diversity of sea strata, oysters, and other marine substances, as they are found, and appear from the said shifting cause; which cause is the change of situation of the sea, overflowing vast tracts of dry ground, and leaving others which were covered with sea, to unbosom their variety of fossils, or textures of an earthly substance; or else to be covered with verdure, as the seeds of vegetables scattered up and down the substance of the whole earth, and the impregnating air took effect.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN.

Some falsely think this word is derived from the French, where Donnez signifies "give," implying a demand of something due; but this expression owes its real birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of the town of Lincoln, so extremely active, and so dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a common expression, when a man refused to pay his debts, "why don't you Dun him;" that is, "why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it became a custom, and is now as old as since the days of King Henry the Seventh.

A WOMAN'S CONSCIENCE.

(From a Collection of Old Poems.)

A countrywoman begg'd a boon,
Of a rich merchant here well known;

Who, gen'rous heart! quite free to all,
Of packthread handed down a ball,
That measured twelve score yards—to grant,
And bade her take what she might want.
She roll'd and roll'd, to tire your patience,
At last said, "here's enough in conscience."
The merchant smil'd, and said, "Let's see
"What may a woman's conscience be:"
He found it *forty yards* in all,
If she'd had none, she'd ta'en the ball.

LONGEVITY OF THE TORTOISE.

In the library at Lambeth Palace is the shell of a land tortoise, brought to that palace by Archbishop Laud, about the year 1633, which lived to the year 1753, when it was killed by the inclemency of the weather; a labourer in the garden having, for a trifling wager, dug it up from its winter retreat, and neglecting to replace it, as is supposed, killed it.

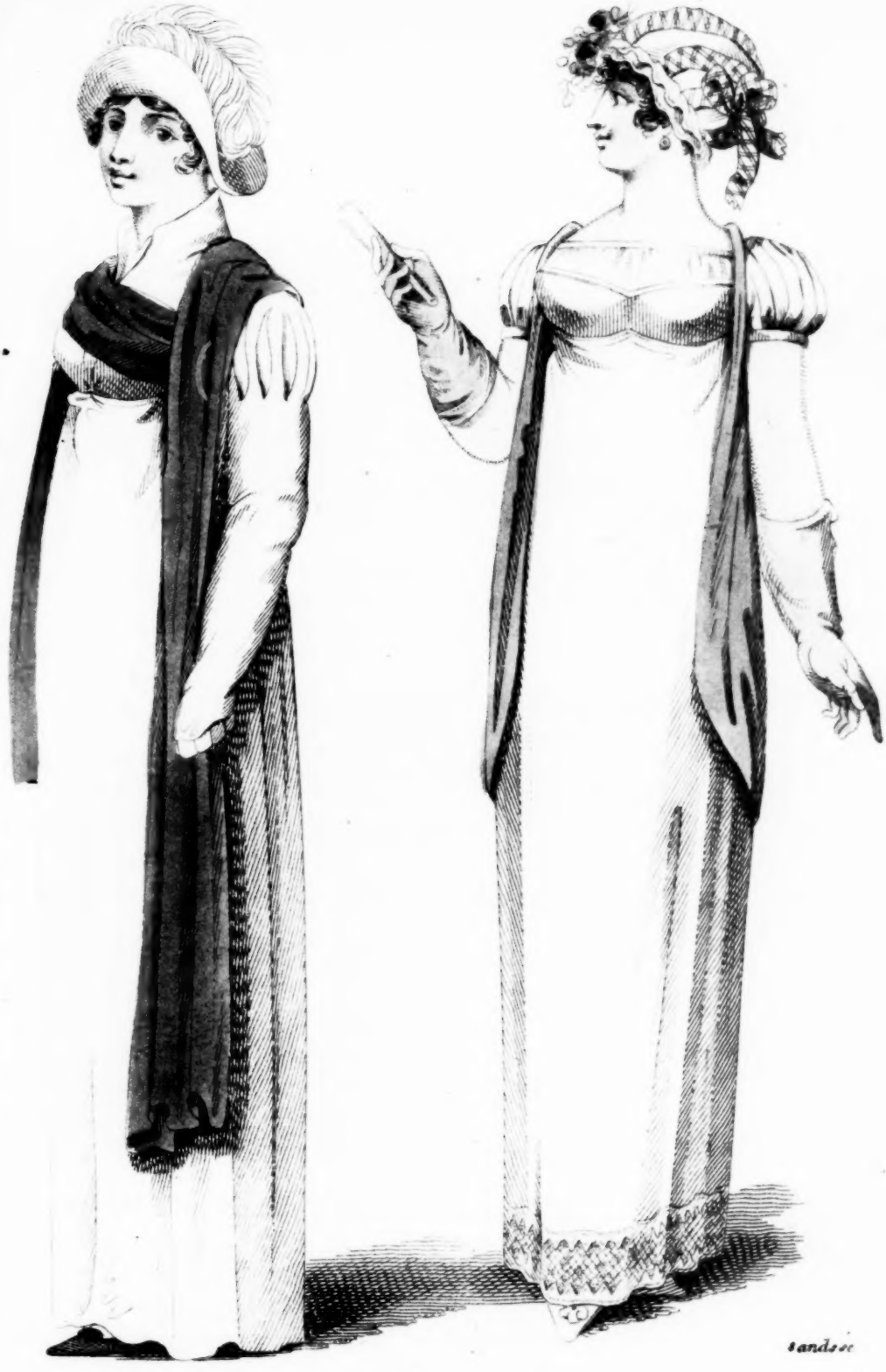
Another tortoise was placed in the episcopal house at Fulham, by Bishop Laud, when bishop of that see, anno 1628; this died a natural death, anno 1753. What were the ages of these tortoises at the time they were placed in the above gardens, is not known.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—White beaver Spanish hat, and ostrich feather.—Round cambric dress, and silk shawl.

Fig. 2.—A fancy cap, ornamented with a flower in front.—Dress of white sarsnet, over that a robe of violet-coloured crape, and buff gloves.



LONDON DRESSES for DECEMBER.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry, Dec.r 1st 1808.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ORLANDO AND ELEANOR.

—— Ut vero vestem quoque sanguine tinctam
Repperit; una duos nox, inquit, perdet amantes.
Ov. Met.

ON a cliff, whose huge basement the sea foams around,
A brave Scottish chieftain's proud mansion once frown'd;
Amid oaks of a century's growth;
Where the waters of Tweed join with ocean's loud roar,
And serve to divide Caledonia's shore,
From the English domains, many ages before,
The same hand sway'd the sceptre of both.

He was bless'd with a daughter—a daughter so fair—
Of beauty so matchless, and merit so rare,
She was called "the pride of the Tweed;"
Many suitors had sought her fair hand to obtain,
But the powerful lord of the neighb'ring domain,
Had a son who lov'd Ellen, tho' favor'd in vain,
Since they never could hope to succeed.

For between the two chieftains a quarrel arose,
Which of two once kind friends made implacable foes,
And the hopes of the lovers depress'd,
For now each in his heart direst enmity bore,
And, forgetting their former firm friendship, they swore,
That their children, whose love they had sanction'd before,
Should ne'er in each other be bless'd.

Now full oft to the top of the castle unknown,
Fair Ellen would hasten, indulging alone,
With the view of her earliest love;
And full oft would Orlando, with caution and care,
To the top of the loftiest turret repair,
At a distance to gaze on his Eleanor fair,
And by signs his affection to prove.

Long this innocent intercourse they had indulg'd,
Unknown to their parents, nor had ought divulg'd
The secret, their bliss to destroy;
When they, through a trusty domestic, agree,
To meet at the foot of a sycamore tree,
Which grew near a spring,—there each other to see,
And to snatch a few moments of joy.

At the lone midnight hour, when creation repos'd,
And the eyes of all mortals in slumbers were clos'd,
Did Orlando and Ellen steal forth;
'Twas the wintery season;—serene was the night,
While the full-orb'd Diana, in majesty bright,
O'er nature's calm face shed her silvery light,
And keen blew the wind from the north.

All trembling and fearful, the sycamore tree,
First Eleanor reach'd, but no lover could see,
And was wond'ring what caus'd his delay;
When a bear, fresh from slaughter, and reeking with blood,
Arriv'd at the fountain where Eleanor stood,
His thirst to assuage in the cool limpid flood,
Ere he went in pursuit of fresh prey.

From impending destruction she fled with affright
For concealment, and in her precipitate flight,
Her mantle she dropp'd on the ground;
Which the bear in returning, perceiv'd as it lay,
And tearing to pieces, then dropp'd by the way,
And retired to the thicket to search for his prey,
And to spread devastation around.

Now lifted on pleasure, and hope's eager wings,
Orlando to meet his fair Eleanor springs,
With love's soft affections elate;
But these pleasing sensations were soon at a stand,
And his feelings and fears he could scarcely command,
When the marks of a wild beast impress'd on the sand,
First alarm'd him for Eleanor's fate.

But, ere he advanc'd many paces, he found
The mantle all bloody, and rent on the ground,
Which he'd oft seen his Eleanor wear;
Then his fears were to certainty dreadful increas'd,
That she'd fall'n a prey to some ravenous beast,
And, distracted with grief, thus his thoughts he express'd,
As he sunk on the verge of despair.

"Alas! hapless maiden! untimely thy fate,
And cruel thy exit from this mortal state
By thy lover ungrateful destroy'd:
For had I been as true to this meeting as thee,—
Ah! had I been but half as eager to see
My ill-fated Ellen, as she to see me,
Blissful hours we might still have enjoy'd."

Now, o'erpow'r'd by his feelings, he yields to the force
Of his keen self-reproaches, and bitter remorse,
While despair loured dark in his eye;
And the mantle embracing, more frantic he grew,
Till madly his dirk from the scabbard he drew,
And plung'd in his breast, still to Eleanor true,
And for her sake contented to die.

But how shall I paint the distraction of mind,
That seiz'd on the beauteous maiden, to find
All her hopes passed away like a dream;
When, returning to meet her Orlando, she found
His bleeding insensible form on the ground,
And perceiv'd the red torrent that gush'd from the wound,
While his life ebb'd apace with the stream.

With a look of distraction she call'd on his name,
Which seem'd to rekindle the wavering flame,
And to light up the fire in his eyes,
Which op'ning, he fix'd on his Eleanor fair,
And attempted to speak and to sooth her despair,
But the murmuring sounds died away on the air,
As his soul took its flight to the skies.

Urg'd by virtuous love, she could boldly defy
All the terrors of death, and resolv'd to die,
For him, who for her sake had died;
For her robe, which his hands held fast clench'd between,
Explain'd the sad cause of this tragical scene,
And proved how faithful her lover had been,
When his love thus severely was tried.

Then the murderous weapon she plung'd in her breast,
(Resolv'd in the grave from her woes to seek rest,)
While affection lent force to the blow:
By the side of Orlando she sunk on the earth,
And, united in love, undivided in death,
Embracing his corpse, she resigned her breath,
And cast off the burthen of woe.

Thus, warmth of affection, remorse, and despair,
Urg'd forward this guiltless unfortunate pair,
To commit the precipitate deed;—
Where yonder funereal cypresses wave,
In mournful array, is the hallowed grave,
Where rest the remains of "Orlando the Brave,"
And "Ellen the pride of the Tweed."

D——m, Oct. 9, 1808. X. Y. Z.

THE BEGGAR.

LOUD blew the cold blast o'er the snow cover'd moor;
The beggar pass'd on with a sigh,
The blast cut his heart, as he turn'd from the door,
But the frown of refusal more nigh.

He found that the hearts of the rich were unkind,
Tho' his locks were o'ersilver'd with years;
Tho' his rags flew around on the winter's sharp wind,
Tho' his tale's truth was vouch'd by his tears.

He once had a wife, had a child, had a friend,
Had a home, and of riches the best;
Had a heart and a hand, ever prompt to attend,
To the wants of the poor or distress'd.

But alone now, and wretched, each ligament broke,
That chains our affections below;
Submissive he bow'd to th' omnipotent stroke,
Nor complain'd, tho' o'ershadow'd by woe.

For Memory, cruel to sorrow alone,
With a too faithful pencil retrac'd,
Those joy-gilded days, which so quickly had flown,
As o'er the wide common he pac'd.

Still howl'd the chill wind, and the snow drifting fast,
Impeding his passage forlorn;
He crept, to avoid the rude gusts of the blast,
Beneath the bare boughs of a thorn.

His heart, before pierced by the arrow of grief,
Now by want was quite broken—he cried,
"Oh God! to thy servant send quickly relief."
His petition was heard—and he died.

W. R.

PROLOGUE

To the New Traditionary Play, entitled

"THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE,"

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq.—Spoken by Mr. Putnam.

WITH anxious mind, with agitated breast,
By ev'ry terror forcibly impress'd,

Our bard to-night, exalted in his views,
Resigns the comic for the serious muse;
Beneath her banner variously displays
Passion's mere spark extended to a blaze;
While moral ardour kindles into birth
The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
Here Virtue hails, contending claims above,
The tear of pity on the cheek of love!

Our bard no longer treads on fairy-land,
Where fancy, like a despot, holds command;
No longer now endeavours to excite
Ideal grief, and fabulous delight;
Still less attempts, with vigour, to transmit
Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
While learning rears, with animated haste,
Reviving elegance, and rescued taste.
He simply offers, unadorn'd by art,
One touch of nature on a gen'rous heart.*
Though pageantry, though magic he forsake,
Though "*Sleeping beauties*" here no longer wake,
Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
That love, when noble, never slumbers here.

Hearts like your own with clemency can feel;
To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
He that solicits mercy, you that spare.

THE FAREWELL.

HOW my tongue falter'd as I bade *farewell*,
When fate ordain'd me from *her* arms to part!
Sure to the word is giv'n a magic spell,
That rules our sorrows and subdues the heart.

* This is an allusion to the character of Mieseo.

I grasp'd her hand—I snatch'd her to my breast;
And still in fetters held the struggling sigh;
Thrice on her lips the parting kiss I press'd,
And the big tear ne'er trembled in my eye.

What woe resistless, and what pangs severe,
When first the word farewell I strove to speak,
Rag'd in my bosom! while the scalding tear
Of mental agony bedew'd my cheek;
In vain the weakness of my mind I curst,
The *man*, alas! was fled, and sorrow's springs were burst.

S.

LINES

Written on seeing some Swallows preparing for Emigration.

FAREWELL, sweet visitants! once more adieu!
May gales propitious waft you to that shore,
Where blooming spring again shall smile for you,
And gladden nature with her boundless store!

To you, sweet birds! how blest a lot is giv'n!
When wint'ry clouds and chilling blasts are nigh;
Taught by the mercy of indulgent heav'n,
You shun the storm, and seek a milder sky.

But when shall *man*, when happiness is fled,
When hope is wither'd in misfortune's blast;
When black despair hangs hov'ring o'er his head,
And the gay *summer* of his joys is past,
Where shall *he* fly to heal the deadly sting,
Or where *his* tortur'd mind find out another *spring*?

E.

AN ENIGMA.

THROUGHOUT my life I've sore been prest,
And trampled under feet:
A stranger all my days to rest,
And liberty so sweet!

But now I'm gone, and quite decay'd,
Nor aught can me condole:
For he whose power and wisdom made
Me, cannot save my soul!

W—b—n. P.

SOLUTION

TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

SEE the *dam* her maternal affection display,
Where reason or sense never taught;
Whilst her offspring with love her affection repay,
Native love, which is pure and unbought.

Not always is man in his offspring thus blest,
The reverse oft with pain I have seen;
A *son*, by sad errors disturbing his rest,
And clouding life's fast-closing scene.

Thus the parent, depriv'd of the prop of his age,
No friend to assist or to save,
Like an over-ripe *damson*, soon drops from life's stage,
And forgets his child's faults in the grave!

Nov. 6, 1808. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE multiplicity of our poetical contributions this month, have rendered it impossible for us to oblige all our correspondents; we have, in the present number, endeavoured to make an impartial selection.—The remainder shall have early insertion.

W. P.'s favour shall appear in our next.—We have also to acknowledge the kind attentions of W. Browne, J. Hawkins, and other friends, who shall not be neglected.

We are so perfectly convinced that J. M. L. possesses the talent of giving interest to whatever he undertakes, that he must excuse us, if we proposed an odd subject for his muse.—However, we agree with his decision, as we hope to be favoured with the production of his leisure hours in some other form.

We beg leave to intimate to our correspondents, that, consistently with the plan of regular arrangement, on which our next volume is to be conducted, we cannot insert, or even acknowledge, in the same month, any prose communication received after the 12th ult.—or poetry after the 18th.

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ERRATA.

Page 33, line 12, *for* "Lathorn," *read* "Lathom."
—— 113, —— 1, *for* "has," *read* "have."
—— 120, —— 8, *for* "significance," *read* "insignificance."
—— 153, —— 26, *for* "company," *read* "pleasure."
—— 155, —— 27, *for* "spoonfuls," *read* "spoonsfull."
—— 166, —— 27, *after* "with," *insert* "her."